the jeſt may remaine after the wearing ſoly ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle ſol'd jeſt, ſoly ſingular for the ſingleneſſe.

Mer. Come between us good *Benvolio*, my wits faint.

Rom. Swits and ſpurs, ſwits and ſpurs, or Ile cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-gooſe chaſe, I am done: for thou haſt more of the wilde gooſe in one of thy wits, than I am ſure I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Rom. Thou waſt never with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the eare for that jeſt.

Rom. Nay good gooſe bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting, it is a moſt ſharp ſauce.

Rom. And is it not well ſerv'd in to a ſweet gooſe?

Mer. Oh here's a wit of Cheverell, that ſtretches from an inch narrow to an ell-broad.

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word broad, which added to the gooſe, proves thee farre and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou ſociable, now art thou *Romeo*, now art thou what thou art by art as well as by nature: for this driveling love is like a great Naturall, that runs lolling up and downe to hide his bable in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the haire.

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe have made thy tale large.

Mer. O thou art deceived, I would have made it ſhort, for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly geare. *Enter Nurſe and her man.*

A ſaile, a ſaile.

Mer. Two, two, a ſhirt and a ſmocke.

Nurſe. *Peter.*

Peter Anon.

Nurſ. My fan *Peter.*

Mer. Good *Peter* to hide her face, for her fan's the fairer face.

Nurſe. God ye good morrow Gentlemen.

Mer.

Mer. God ye goodden faire Gentlew

Nurſe. Is it goodden?

Mer. 'Tis no leſſe I tell you, for the b is now upon the pricke of noone.

Nurſe. Out upon you, what a man are

Ro. One Gentlewoman that God hath

Nurſe. By my troth it is well ſaid, quoth a? Gentlemen, can any of you tel the young *Romeo?*

Rom. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* have found him, than hee was when you youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſ

Nurſe. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea, is the worſt well? very we wiſely.

Nurſe. If thou be he ſir, I deſire ſome

Ben. She will endite him to ſome ſuppe

Mer. A baud, a baud, a baud. So ho.

Rom. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No hare ſir, unleſſe a hare ſir i ſomething ſtale and hoare ere it be ſpent. An old hare hoare, and an old hare ho in Lent.

But a hare that is hoare is too much for a ere it be ſpent.

Romeo, will you come to your fathers? w

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell ancient Lady, farewell

Nur. I pray you ſir what ſaucie Merc ſo full of his roperie.

Ro. A Gentleman Nurſe that loves to h will ſpeake more in a minute than he wi

Nur. And a ſpeake any thing againſt m and a were luſtier than hee is, and twent cannot, I'le finde thoſe that ſhall: ſcu of her Gil-flurts, I am none of his skaines

E